

WASHINGTON.

"Our Country—always right—but, right or wrong, our Country."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1837.

OFFICE ON E STREET, IN THE SQUARE IMMEDIATELY WEST OF THE BUREAU POST OFFICE.

TO NATIVE AMERICANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY:

Fellow Citizens: I am directed, by the President and Council of the Native American Association of the United States at Washington City, to invite you to form in the different counties and cities of the several States, auxiliary Native Associations to be united with us in this cause.

I am also instructed to call your attention to the necessity of authorizing a committee of such of those societies as may be formed, to prepare, in your name, memorials to Congress; to be presented at the early part of the ensuing session, praying for a repeal of the laws of naturalization.

Your fellow-countryman,

HENRY J. BRENT.

Corresponding Secy. of the Native Am. Association of the U. S., Wash. City

We have received a number of a new paper published at Washington City, called the "NATIVE AMERICAN."

The principal object of this paper seems to be to bring about a repeal of the Naturalization laws.

A modification of this law, we think, might conduce to the welfare and safety of the country; but the time has not yet come when the oppressed of every nation shall be denied a home among us on such terms as comports with the tone and spirit of our Republican institutions, and we believe the time has not yet come when such foreigners, as are worthy, shall be denied the privileges of citizenship in this, the country of their adoption. So far as the "Native American" advocates a reform of the abuses growing out of a faulty Naturalization law, we think its object a laudable one; but when it advocates an unconditional repeal of that law, we think it advocates doctrines at variance with the first principles of our institutions, and savoring too much of that narrow policy which belongs to despots alone.—*Lyons Argus.*

The foregoing is from the Lyons (New York) Argus, a paper which we have received and placed upon our exchange list. The notice taken of our paper calls for us some remarks which we endeavor to condense as much as possible. In the first place our cotemporary observes that "the time has not yet come when the oppressed of every nation shall be denied a home among us on such terms as comports with the tone and spirit of our Republican institutions." We would ask in what consists the tone and spirit of our Republican institutions, and the reply may elicit some truths highly desirable in the course of our discussion. We hold that the tone and spirit are, of themselves, the very genius and genius of a free Government, peace, order, sobriety, and a willing submission to the laws established by Congress. What is Congress? The collective wisdom of a whole people, representing their wants, their opinions, and condensing the mighty impulses of a growing world into the channels of systematic legislation. A Congress is a convention of the free States of an empire—one in body—in spirit—in a word, National. It is the apex to the sublime theory of a Republican Government—to keep which perfect and firm, the component parts of the source (the People) must be united—bound in links of endless and harmonious sympathy, and looking back to some great era, such as our Revolution, and gazing forward to the accomplishment of those high hopes that lit up the stars of our banners in the days of warring gloom.

To carry on this system of reflection and attraction, the people should speak one language, and that language should be sacred, and in it only should our President converse, and all the other ten thousand official movers of the great governmental wheels. The Constitution expressly declares that no man can be President of the United States unless he be native born; not through the fountain of second birth—naturalization—but pure from the American soil. Why is this proviso, unless it is intended to impart the preference that our fathers held towards natives, to show that they esteemed a native purer and better able to govern his own countrymen? And why should not the rule extend through the whole range of officers? We can see no reason. If a native makes a better President, does it follow that a foreigner would make a better Secretary of State? And yet how intimately connected is the Executive chair with that Department. The Constitution, and no law under it, forbids the chair of the State Department from being bestowed upon a foreigner; and yet the native President may be ruled entirely by his subordinate cabinet minister. We maintain, then, that the genius of a Republican Government is sympathy—unity—obedience—brotherhood—in deed it is the spirit of all governments that pretend to stability, and it has, in a peculiar manner, placed England where she is; the beautiful mistress of an European world, holding her majestic scepter in the thundering way of Russia, and bidding the Prussian and the Austrian hold back his hands from helping Nicholas, the Czar, to the possession of all the world. It is the spirit, bright and unalloyed of nationality, that binds millions of men together, into one all-powerful bond, to resist and to punish.

The Argus goes on to say—"And we believe the time has not yet come when such foreigners, as are worthy, shall be denied the privileges of citizenship in this, the country of their adoption." Such foreigners as are worthy! Will the Editor turn, for one moment, to the brief history of a few years. Will he examine the statistics of New York City. Will he run over the pages of the Registers of Boston, New York, Charleston, and New Orleans. Will he enter into our poor-houses every where; for true as the needle to the pole, the emigrants steer for the old familiar haven of the vagrant, the poor-house. Let him turn to the condition of the people in the poor-houses of England—to the poor of Germany—to the poor of Prussia and Austria—to the dark and frozen serfs of Russia—and tell us, then, whether we are lifting our voices against the worthy foreigner or the mercenary alien. Let us take the condition of Ireland, and enter fully into the situation of the poor in that country; and then we will put it to any candid man, if these people are fit to interfere with, say, to govern this moral, industrious, contented, and free country? In the first place, we will say, that the investigation we are about to enter on, is painful in the extreme. Spectacle after spectacle of horrid and woful ignorance and barbarity, of grim and ghastly misery, start upon us, and chill the very marrow in our bones. But standing, as we do, humbly in our own sense of merit, but proudly in the opinion of our friends, to point the way to reform and nationality, we are compelled to the dreadful and harrowing task. "In Ireland," says Mr. Revans, in his "Evils of the state of Ireland, their causes and their remedy," "famine is almost of annual recurrence: crime is frightful, both from its atrocity and extent; agriculture in the worst state; manufactures scarcely in existence; and the country overrun with hordes of wandering mendicants." And yet Ireland is fertile, her fields are rich, and her people strong, hardy and active; but still the land is reeking and desolate, and the people beggars in the place of their nativity." Our author in another place remarks:—"When I first arrived in Dublin, I suffered the greatest pain from the constant sight of half-naked and aqualid human beings; I at first attempted to relieve them, but soon found it was quite beyond my individual means to make the slightest impression upon the mass of misery, and gave up the attempt as hopeless. Each person is actuated by the same feeling, and thus charity ceases." He goes on: "The only scenes to

which I did not become callous, are those which may commonly be witnessed in Dublin after nightfall. On a winter's evening, about 7 o'clock, wretched creatures, without any other covering than a blanket or an old ragged cloak, may be seen stretched by the railings of the kitchen windows, watching with intense eagerness for the potato peelings, and for the scrapings of the plates after the wealthier classes have dined—the tribe of Lazarus waiting for the crumbs." We throw aside the work with disgust and indignation. Are these "better classes"—the noble, high-souled Irishmen, that we hear so much of from babbling orators at Irish dinners and conventions of sympathy? Are these the "better classes," who turn the beggars off with potato-peelings whose hearts are painted to our eyes of admiration, as flowing with the milk of human kindness? Are these the "better classes," who are to come over to this country and to be placed over our heads because they are foreigners and because we are bound to be kind to them, for their Montgomery was a martyred hero? And are these poor midland sufferers on the streets of Dublin, raimentless, shoeless, senseless—are these the people, shipped to Liverpool, whence they are sent by the thirty thousand every quarter, as we have shown by the municipal proceedings of the Councils of Liverpool in a former number? Are these the "ransomed and redeemed," who are to be hailed to our free and glorious shores, and made the arbiters of our fate? There can be but one loud and emphatic answer. We see the reader's face turn pale, with fear lest this lost and worthless "tribe of Lazarus" should break in upon us and accomplish what we have often warned—the total destruction of patriotic pride in our free institutions. Why are these people in this condition? Does it proceed from the wrath of an offended Providence? He has blessed the land with rich pastures—her rivers are deep and convenient for all the purposes of commerce and manufactures. He has made the people excellent fighters in every other cause but that of their native land; he has given them eloquence, wit and genius; but he has not given them moderation, temperate judgment, deliberate and far-seeing wisdom, and perfect self-command—else their beautiful country would rise from the ocean of darkness, perfect as the goddess from the sea.

Do we want people so simply fit for broils by their mercurial temperament, and so unfit for government as they have in all ages proved themselves to be, to come among us and teach us the arts of ruling ourselves and preserving our institutions in their original lustre? No. We are not prepared to keep them back forever. But we would beg them to redeem the Paradise they live in—to study well the history of mankind—to rise and demand with an unflinching heart, redress of wrong. Then they would be happy—then the streets of Dublin would be free from those scenes of agony—and then we would cease to look upon them as abject and unfit. We are transcending our limits—long editorials are necessary in the opening of a new cause—and the subject under discussion is vastly important. The material, for further quotation, lies in ample store before us; but we repeat that the investigation is one of great pain, and we will close, for the present, but only for the present.

We would not drive the foreigner from our shores—he is welcomed to feast upon the plenty ever flowing through this happy and blessed country; but we would urge him, by every inducement of modesty and of justice, to stand aloof when he sees the natives engaged in their political contests—to hold his peace and be at rest; for, depend upon it, the natives need no voice from Europe, to warn them how far to proceed, and how precious is political freedom. Our fathers fought for it; their fathers fought against our sires, and against our liberty. We know the full value of a country to a Constitution, and of a Constitution to a country. We know that our flag which is the same in every State—the star and stripes—is emblematic of the unity that gives us strength. We know that we are different in political doctrine from Europe, and so we would proudly and gloriously remain. Let the law then of naturalization be entirely repealed—let the native stand in his true light of host, and not of servant, and then it will be time enough for the aliens to talk to Congress about their "rights," &c.

We will ransack the condition of all the governments of Europe, and pledge ourselves to prove that the inhabitants are not fit to take a part in our political affairs. The idea is ridiculous. We challenge any man to examine into this subject, and then to deny the truth of the Native American cause.

We beg the Editor of the Argus to understand that we have not concluded our comments upon his notice—we will resume them hereafter.

"A Canadian meeting will be held in Vauxhall Gardens, in this city, this evening. It is not improbable that there may be some disturbance in it, for it is very remarkable that a very large portion of our foreign population is opposed to the meeting and the Canadian cause, in which feeling they have much of the mercantile strength of the city also."

The above is from the New York Correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing on the 27th. The fact presented is striking as an argument in favor of our cause, but not remarkable as a natural circumstance. We are not surprised that foreigners are careful to keep alive the devotion to their native lands, and even to those Governments from whom they have separated themselves by a vague and unnatural oath. Can a son take an oath to hate his father and his mother—an oath to curse their tender care—to abandon them in their moments of distress? Human nature revolts at the horrible idea. Then does nature revolt and punish, too, the base and mercenary being who denounces his native land, and sooner or later he will be found (dependent upon circumstances) pleading her cause, advocating her doctrines, and endeavoring to expiate his former crime of expatriation.

The war is arrested in Canada; but we gather from the Northern papers that active measures are on foot to prosecute it with vigor. The whole northern frontier of our country bordering on the Canada is in a violent ferment; and there is reason to believe that the natives of the Canada will receive assistance from the natives of the United States, while the foreign Government of Canada will receive the support of the foreign presses in the United States. Without regard to the awe felt by some of the presses of this country, for the Government of Great Britain, we wish the natives of Canada success from the bottom of our heart.

To the South "Sam Jones" is whetting once more his scalping knife. Gen. Jesup has heard the clinking of the steel, and is pushing his military roads through the everglades.

Gov. Houston, in his message to the Texas Congress, is opposed to the annexation of Texas to the United States. We have received a copy of the message, but have not had time to give it a careful perusal. The Mexicans are marching in battle array upon the settlements. We hope the Texans will St. Jacinto them.

Mr. Ward opens the National Theatre on Monday evening; and we wish him every success, which he richly merits—enterprising and industrious, he is also very popular; and we feel assured that he will use every means to improve the drama.

We shall give strict and attentive criticism to this interesting branch of the arts; want of room prevents our saying more for the present.

We have received from a friend a paper containing an obituary notice of Mrs. White, late of Richmond, and wife of the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. We will insert it in our next as a tribute to an excellent Lady.

The lines on the death of a friend, are tender and affectionate; but we must wound the feelings of the fair writer, by declining an insertion. We are labouring, zealously, to establish our paper upon a high standard, and must be cautious how we admit our feelings, as a man, to overcome our judgment as an American Editor. We do not pretend to place ourselves upon any very elevated tripod of criticism, but feel that we have a trust imposed upon us, that must make us vigilant in the matter for the "Native."

[FROM OUR REPORTER.]

On Saturday last, when preparations were in progress for Christmas throughout the city, a scene occurred in the court room, which deserves the pen of history. No one expected a scene—and the surprise was almost as good as the joke itself.

A worthy and quizzical Plasterer of the Metropolis, who lives by his industry and his art, and whose name is not necessary to our story, was charged with an assault and battery upon some old Lady, who appeared upon the stand to testify to his rumsome conduct. The grave, philosophic Maxwell stood near his Counsel, and with his finger running up longitudinally the entire length of a five-inch proboscis, with his gray eyes scrutinized with the air of a Webster the witness for the prosecution. She said "he came into her house and played mad work—throwing chairs and tables about, and frightening her, a poor lone body, almost out of her senses." She was interrupted with a furious and direct "you lie" from the exasperated prisoner, but he was brought up by the Judge, who told him to hold his tongue. Maxwell leered round the Court in a peculiar manner and showed strong symptoms of thirst.

After considerable interruption on the part of the apparently innocent prisoner, he was at length ordered from the room, and in arm with a constable, he proceeded with due dignity to make himself "scarce." The case was submitted to the Jury without argument, and the verdict of guilty was pronounced—but where the prisoner? "Gone home." He, however, soon reappeared, and the presiding Judge acquainted him with the result of the trial. With his old broad white rimmed umbrella, alias hat, flapping over the railing, in one hand, and the other engaged in the voluptuous occupation of scratching his cranium, he raised his dead-set eyes to the Judges, and in a voice redolent with innocence, asked "What for?" The question was entirely unexpected, and the Bench was at a non-suit; but, however, an order was given to the officers to take the prisoner into custody, the Court being unwilling to hear any further pleading in the case. At the word the bailiffs seized the redoubted hero, and with a fierce and terrible bound and a sweep he cleared a path of glory through the crowd—heels over head—head over heels—head under heels and every fashion, with his stiff gray hair all stiff with rage, he ploughed his passage to the door. Never was there such a hubbub in a court room. The terrible work of skin scratching and coat tearing was in full blast, when the Judge commanded that the prisoner be brought before him. With each arm grasped by two bailiffs, panting from the struggle, stood the hero, and gazed with flushed cheek and beady eye upon the Bench. The high-wrought energy of sublimated innocence seemed to pervade every muscle of his countenance, and virtue spoke when he made a double shuffle and exclaimed like Booth in Richard, "Bailiffs, d—n your eyes, behave yourselves!" This brought down upon his devoted head nine more days of prison life; and after the sentence was past upon him, he commenced the work of destruction once more. At one time an old, tattered and antique shoe—torn, tattered, and muddy—would make an evolution at the end of a leg in the air; while a venerable head would be seen hustling and bustling about against the shins of the bailiffs; and anon bustling upright on his feet, with his eyes flashing fire and his fist drawing it from those of his foes, the gallant man laid about him and played his own march upon the bodies of the officers—private as he was in the company. He was at last forced out, and the gloom of the prison soon snatched him from our view; and as his tattered form, tattered in the tournament, escaped gracefully from our view, we thought of the author of Don Quixote, who pined away his life in a jail. The sentence of ten days' imprisonment was revoked by the merciful Court; and the hero of our story walks upon the earth a free man once more.

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to Notice, the Native American Association met on the 28th inst., to receive and consider the Report of the Committee appointed to draw up a Memorial to Congress on the subject of the laws of naturalization, and for other purposes. H. J. Brent, Esq., in the absence of the President, was called to the Chair; when Geo. Sweany, Esq., on behalf of said Committee, made a Report.

Mr. A. H. Quinsey offered the following resolution: Resolved, That the Report of the Committee appointed to draw up a Memorial to Congress on the subject of the laws of naturalization, be adopted and signed by the President and Secretaries.

Unanimously adopted. On motion of Doctor T. D. Jones,

Resolved, That—be and they are hereby appointed a Committee to wait on the Honorable N. P. Talmadge of the Senate of the U. S., from New York, and the Hon. — Patton of the House of Representatives of the U. S., from Virginia; and respectfully request that said Members will take charge of the said Memorial, and bring it before their respective bodies at their earliest convenience, and to give it their support, and to promote the objects of the Memorialists, so far as comports with their sense of public duty.

It was moved that the Chair fill up the blank with the names of three gentlemen. Agreed to.

In compliance, the Chair appointed Joseph H. Bradley, M. K. Morsell, and Geo. Sweany, Esqs.

On motion of J. C. Brent, Esq., Resolved, That a list of the names of the members of the Association be drawn off, and that said list accompany or be appended to the Memorial when presented.

On motion of J. Bender, Esq.,

Resolved, That the publishers of the National Intelligencer, Globe and Madisonian, be requested to publish said Memorial, with the proceedings of this meeting, in relation thereto, in their respective newspapers, after the presentation thereof to Congress.

On motion, Resolved, That the President of the Association, and the Chairman of this meeting, be added to the Committee to present the Memorial to Congress.

And then the meeting adjourned.

From the Nashville Banner.

The New York press has been awakened to the infamous character of a two penny daily published in that city, called the New York Herald. The exposures of its lawlessness, infidelity, and blasphemy; its political profligacy and commercial deception, should awaken every editor in the country to the necessity of abating the nuisance, as far as their influence will extend. We therefore suggest to our western cotemporaries the propriety of striking the name of the Herald from our exchange lists. It has been so ordered in this establishment.

From the Chautauque Censor.

Major Nash deserves the thanks of every virtuous individual in the community, for the candid manner in which he has exhibited the character of Benet and his paper, the Herald. The rebuke comes from exactly the right quarter, and we perceive that it is followed up by most of the other respectable papers of the city. For ourselves we have always avoided the Herald, the perusal of a very few numbers having satisfied us that its aim was to gratify the most vitiated tastes; and its influence of the most deleterious kind. We hope to see a general expression from the press of the reputation in which the Herald is held.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

[FROM OUR REPORTER.]

Fourth Week of the Session.

The Christmas holidays intervened and broke the regular session. Those frolics are now over, and the bodies have settled down to business, with the glorious recollections of eggnogg and plumb puddings rising before them on the wings of the past.

As yet nothing has been done by Congress, though many things have been attempted. I noticed in my last the discussion on the District Bill of Fines and Penalties, and since then another debate has occurred and the bill has passed the Senate, after a hard struggle. Its principal feature, now, is imposition. If I owe you four dollars, and give you my due bill for the same, I will be persecuted—not prosecuted. There are many men in this District who deal in such sums, and their whole stock of wealth consists in multifarious little due bills from debtors. This process of business must be abolished, and the small traders must extend their business in order to have no debts outstanding under five dollars. How are they to increase their business? The warfare against the District banks is in high blast, and notes of the best men cannot be discounted—and why? Because the banks are trembling at the beck of an arbitrary tyrant. It matters not whether the banks are competent to go on or not, they are doomed; and although the Bank of Washington has been lately paying out specie, she will be crushed beneath the feet of Mr. Benton and Mr. Wright. And for what purpose is this ruin inflicted? Is it to encourage the District?—to foster the pet child of twenty-eight fathers. If this is the protection extended to the Ten Miles Square, Congress had better strike off the mask of affected guardianship, and tell us at once that we are slaves; and then perhaps we will hail with pleasure the memorials from the North for the abolition of slavery in the District, for under the prayer we will be included. Then we will go hand in hand for manumission, for we should like once more to be free. I do not believe that the bill will pass the House. Last session (extra) many members informed me that the House would reject the bill; and if they do, we will promise them a hearty and unanimous bon-fire.

In the House, on Tuesday, Mr. ADAMS again raised a storm. It is said that ice-bergs generate cold weather, as they move along our coast; and, upon the opposite principle, Mr. Adams should produce a glorious summer, for he is a perfect torpedo—burning and glowing in all the radiance and vigor of intense heat. Balked on the abolition scheme, the venerable gentleman has waked up the Texas question, and for four hours he poured his sarcastic eloquence into that combustible subject. As usual, he mowed down all ranks, and spared no party—no act—no opinion. At last he breathed his peroration to a vacant Hall. Texas does not wish a union with these States; nor should we desire the annexation. Already our extended territory is sharpening into the sword that is to sweep off the northern and eastern populations—that is to hold out inducements to the vagrants of Europe, and finally will dismember the Union. Spreading, spreading, eternally on the increase, the chords that bind us as one people will be so stretched that the penknife of a knave will be able to dissolve the glorious company of States, and roll us back into chaos and civil war; and then look out for the battle, fierce, bloody and desperate. The natives and the aliens, mixed up in one cauldron of national carnage, fighting for power and for place, while the sun of liberty will sink upon a dissolved, miscellaneous and conflicting empire.

In the Senate a bill to graduate the price of the public lands has been introduced, and the lowest price fixed is twenty-five cents per acre. The flag is up, and thousands of eyes from Europe are strained in their sockets to witness the triumph of the agrarian over good sense and national policy.

The letter-writers have been severely handled by Mr. CAMPBELL of South Carolina, who has been shamefully misrepresented by some abolition spy hid among the pillars and drapery of the Hall.

After the first of January, Congress will get to work. I cannot omit telling you that your paper has made a good debut among the members; and I overheard one or two say some excellent things about you and the cause. Work hard, night and day in the good cause, and you will eventually succeed in rallying round your standard the honest and the sensible of the whole Union. There is no doubt in my mind on that head.

In the Senate, Mr. CALHOUN has introduced his State Rights and anti-Abolition resolutions. They are characterized by powerful reflection, deep and abiding patriotism, and, if adopted, will tend to settle the question of slavery in the District of Columbia sooner than I had anticipated. Out of these resolutions will spring a debate of vast importance and consequence to this Union. I await the issue with a thrilling interest.

A rumor has been afloat in this city that there was to be a bloody duel fought at bloody Island, near St. Louis, on the 9th inst. The St. Louis Bulletin says that it was all a hoax. Lots of citizens, constables, &c. were on the ground however at the time appointed, but as the principals were absent no fun took place, and the crowd returned as wise as they went.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have received the Republican of the 10th, one day later, which says that "a meeting took place yesterday, a little before sundown, on Bloody Island, between Mr. Wm. C. Skinner and Mr. Wm. S. Messervy, of this city; in which the latter, on the first fire, received a flesh wound just below the knee. His antagonist escaped unharmed." By this it would seem that the belligerents waited until the coast was clear of all spectators, when they went over and had the satisfaction of shooting at each other unseen and unmolested.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn from the St. Louis Bulletin of the 23d ult., that an inquest was held on the previous day at the National Hotel, in that city, on the body of Col. CHARLES PRENTICE, who had been found dead in his bed. The verdict of the jury was that "the deceased came to his death by apoplexy." Col. Prentice was a highly respectable citizen of Vandalia, Illinois; and was Register of the General Land Office of that State. According to the testimony of a room mate, he had appeared to be well and in good spirits, the evening previous to his death.

A new German paper is to be established in Buffalo, called the Weltberger, or Citizen of the World. We have not seen the Weltberger—we know not the principles it supports. We hope they are not inconsistent with the prosperity of that country's institutions in which the German has found a free home; but we are inclined to look upon all foreign periodicals established among us as inconsistent with true Native American interests, and as such we condemn them.—*Boston American.*

An incident in New York.—Last Sabbath, as the bells were ringing for the afternoon service, a singular procession was seen passing Union Square. A female, with the coffin of a child apparently three or four years old on her head, with a little girl carrying a wooden cross painted white with black spots by her side, led the procession.—Six men followed, next five children, and last fifteen or twenty women, dressed with large white caps, without bonnets. With a very rapid step, thus led, a white cloth being thrown across the coffin, this singular procession moved to the burial of their dead in a strange land. They were Germans.

An interesting case has recently been decided in Kentucky. It was the petition for freedom on the part of a woman who alleged that she was "white." It was established that she had been held in bondage from infancy, until about two years ago, and had then been liberated on a writ of habeas corpus. The report we have seen of the trial, does not state what was the evidence in regard to the color of the mother of the woman; and it seems that such evidence was decided by the Judge who presided as inadmissible—for it is said that the court excluded all evidence founded on reputation, and placed the verdict of the jury on the presence or absence of any of the characteristics of the African. None of these appearing to the jury, their verdict was in favor of the woman, and she was set free.—*Phila. Daily Ad.*

NATIONAL THEATRE, WASHINGTON.

MR. WARD respectfully informs the Public that the Theatre will open for a very short season of six weeks only.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1st, 1838.

The Manager very respectfully announces that the complimentary admissions must necessarily be very much restricted, and no persons whatever will be admitted but holders of proprietary and complimentary Tickets.

First Night of the Engagement of the highly celebrated Tragedian

MR. VANDENHOFF, Who will appear in his Favorite Character of CATO.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, will be performed the admired Tragedy of

CATO. Mr. VANDENHOFF, Mr. Garner, Mr. J. H. Hall, Mr. Rodney, Mr. Mosson, Mr. Bigwell, Mr. Lewellen, Mr. Riddell, Mr. Curlew, Mr. Curlew, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Lewellen.

To conclude with the laughable Farce of the

SECRET. Dupins, Mr. Ward, Valere, Mr. J. H. Hall, Thomas, Mr. Lewellen, Porter, Mr. Curlew, Madame Dupins, Mrs. Lewellen, Angelina, Miss Cross.

MR. VANDENHOFF'S second night on Tuesday. MR. HUGHES and MR. WILLS are engaged, and will shortly appear.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—Fifty Thousand Dollars Corporation Stock, and Fifty Thousand Dollars of Treasury Drafts. Apply to the subscriber, who can be found at Lloyd's Hotel, every market morning. D. S. WATERS.

Dec. 30—31 WASHINGTON BRANCH RAILROAD.

TRANSPORTATION DEPOT—Notice is hereby given that, in consequence of the impracticability of making numerous collections, and the losses heretofore sustained on merchandise, or other articles hereafter conveyed upon the road, will be permitted to be removed from the depot until the amount of freight and charges be paid, except for those merchants who receive large consignments, and are in the habit of paying their bills promptly on the first of each month.

WASHINGTON BRANCH RAILROAD.—On and after Monday next, the 11th inst., the cars will leave the depot in this city for Baltimore at 9 o'clock, A. M., instead of 9 3/4 A. M., as heretofore.

The object of this alteration is to render certain the arrival of the train at Baltimore early enough to afford ample time for passengers going north to take the steamboat, which now departs daily for Philadelphia at half past 12 o'clock.

The afternoon train will, as heretofore, leave the depot at a quarter after 5 o'clock, P. M. Sept. 8—4f

HOUSE FURNISHING WAREHOUSES.

BOTEILER & DONN, on Pennsylvania Avenue, between 4 1/2 and 6th streets. We have in store at our Rooms a very general assortment of House Furnishing Goods, to which we would invite the attention of persons furnishing. The following list comprises a part of our stock: Pier, Card, Dining, Breakfast, Washing, and Kitchen Tables; Bedsteads, Beds, and Mattresses; Sofas; Sideboards; Dressing and Plain Bureaux; Gilt frames, Mantel, and Pier Looking Glasses; Box, Toilet, and Common do.; Mahogany, Case and Wood-seat Chairs, and do.; Rocker Chairs; Dinner, Toilet, and Tea sets; Plates, Dishes, Pitchers, and Cups and Saucers; Glass Tumblers, Decanters, Wine glasses and Pitchers; Hock and Champagne glasses; Plated Castors; Candlesticks, and Shuffers and Trays; Astral Hall, Mantel, and Table Lamps; Ivory handled Knives and Forks, full sets of 51 pieces; Comm. and Buck handled Knives and Forks; Shovel and Tongue, Fenders and Abolition; Britannia Tea sets; Spoons and Coffee Pots; Block Tin Coffee Pots and Beggins; Egg-boilers and Bread-graters; Hearth, Crumb, Hair, Baking, Sweeping, Horse, and Scrubbing Brushes; Tea Caddys; Coffee Mills and Spice Boxes; a general assortment of Tin and Iron Ware; Baskets; Chairs; Work, Knife, and Cake Baskets, Waiters and Tea Boards; Brass, Lilac, and Glass Cuckoo Knobs; Glass and Mahogany Bureaux; Knobs; Bird Cages, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, and Gridirons; Ivory Riddling Combs; a superior article; Cork-screws; Lignumvite and Brass Castors; Tacks, Screws, Nails, Brads, and Iron and Britannia Spoons; Bureaux Keys, and Brass Screw Rings; Boxes of Blacking, and Rat and Mouse Traps; Hung-hane, Painted and Cedar Buckets; Bread Troughs, Cake Boards, and Clothes pins, Barrel Covers, Churns, and Tubs; Feather and Basket Carriages; Tea Bells and Spool Stands; Table Mats and Stable Langers; besides a variety of useful articles sent by mail, all of which they will sell low. Aug 10—4f